

THE COMMONWEALTH

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

"EXCELSIOR" IS OUR MOTTO.

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SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1900.

NO. 22.

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Table with columns: DATED, No. of Daily, No. of Weekly, No. of Monthly, No. of Quarterly, No. of Semi-Annual, No. of Annual. Rows for various routes like Weldon, Rocky Mt., Tarboro, etc.

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Daily except Monday. Daily except Sunday. Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, Yadkin Division Main Line--Train leaves...

Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, Bennettsville Branch--Train leaves Bennettsville 8:15 a. m., Maxton 9:20 a. m., Red Springs 9:53 a. m., Hope Mills 10:52 a. m., arrives Fayetteville at 10:55 a. m.

Trains on Washington Branch leave Washington 8:10 a. m. and 2:30 p. m., arrive Farme 9:10 a. m. and 4:01 p. m., returning leave Farme 9:30 a. m. and 6:30 p. m., arrive Washington 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., daily except Sunday.

Train leaves Tarboro, N. C., daily except Sunday 5:30 p. m., Sunday, 4:15 p. m., arrives Plymouth 7:40 p. m., 6:10 p. m., returning leaves Plymouth daily except Sunday, 7:50 a. m. and Sunday 9:00 a. m., arrives Tarboro 10:10 a. m., 11:00 a. m.

Train on Midland N. C. Branch leaves Goldsboro daily, except Sunday, 7:05 a. m., arriving Smithfield 8:10 a. m., returning leaves Smithfield 9:00 a. m.; arrives at Goldsboro 10:25 a. m.

Trains on Nashville Branch leave Rocky Mount at 10:00 a. m., 3:40 p. m., arrive Nashville 10:10 a. m., 4:03 p. m., Spring Hope 10:10 a. m., 4:25 p. m., returning leave Spring Hope 11:30 a. m., 4:55 p. m., Nashville 12:15 a. m., 5:25 p. m., arrive at Rocky Mount 11:45 a. m., 6:00 p. m., daily except Sunday.

Train on Clinton Branch leaves Warsaw for Clinton daily, except Sunday, 11:40 a. m. and 4:02 p. m., returning leaves Clinton at 7:00 a. m. and 2:50 p. m.

Train No. 78 makes close connection at Weldon for all points North daily, all rail via Richmond.

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FOR MALARIA Use nothing but Macnair's Blood and Liver Pills.

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For Drunkenness and Drug Using. Keeley Cure. THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, Detroit, Mich.

THE EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS.

Points and Paragraphs of Things Present, Past and Future.

The News and Observer aptly remarks that it is a good thing for aspirants for congressional honors in this State that the sons of Capt. W. H. Kitchin all live in the Second and Fifth districts.

THE United States Supreme Court has decided the Kentucky governorship in favor of the Democratic governor Beckham. The people of the entire country had watched this case with peculiar interest, and now it is settled, it is to be hoped that the State of Kentucky will settle down to something like quiet.

THE question of electing United States Senators by direct vote of the people is receiving considerable attention. It cannot be done, to be sure, without a convention for changing the Constitution, and some fear the experiment of a convention for making this one change, lest other changes should be proposed and many things done that would not be contemplated. Then some feel a little doubt about the wisdom of electing Senators by the people, saying it would put both houses of Congress on an equality as to the importance of the office. Boss rule might prevail, some say, in conventions as much as in Legislatures. It is an important question, looked at from any standpoint.

The disaster at the Cumcock mines in Chatham county last week, whereby a number of persons lost their lives, was awful to contemplate. No one has yet given a reason for the explosion. W. expressly said that any one should have lost his life while engaged in honest and toilsome labor for an honest living, still it seemed a matter for which to be grateful that most of the miners were single men and left no families. To be sure, there can be some means devised for preventing a recurrence of another such honor in this mine. It was only in 1895, we believe, when a similar disaster occurred there.

THE fortelling of the eclipse of the sun with the accuracy that the great wave of Nature's wonders verified Monday morning just 13 minutes of 9 o'clock is a triumph of scientific truth which the world cannot forget. All truth is in perfect accord and beautiful harmony with the will and works of God; and whether that truth be discovered in the realms of science, art, labor, or thought--wherever in the great universe of the Almighty One--it bears testimony to His overruling power.

Truly, this is no world of chance, for the very spheres work together in harmony according to the will of God, and their frictionless movements are the everliving witnesses of the goodness of the Lord God, our Creator, and of the perfection of His power in all things.

THIS is peculiarly an age for young men. It was remarked to us recently that the tendency to call upon young men for almost everything has become marked. And it is even so. Young men assert themselves and demonstrate what power and capacities they possess at an earlier age than Americans did a century or half century ago. In many of the largest business concerns in the cities the most of the work is done by young men. With these things before us it is highly important that the boys of the land learn early to gather up the fragments of time and make constant effort to be as well prepared as possible when they arrive at their majority to take up the work of real life.

At last the people of the South, as well as of other parts of the country, are realizing that the survival of the fittest must prevail. It is no longer asked what a young man's father or grandfather did or who they were; but what can the young man himself do. If he measures up to the requirements personally, the lot may fall upon him; but if not, it certainly will not. This is a great age and country, fraught with great possibilities for good and true young men.

Cure Gold in Head. Kermott's Chocolate Laxative, easy to take and quick to cure cold in head and sore throat.

'TWA' FIGHTIN' LIZA.

"When I Fight, I Fight."

A TERROR TO VIOLATORS.

Charlotte Observer.

Liza Holt is the negress who has the keeping of the waiting room for white people at the Southern Railway passenger station at Salisbury. She is the large individual that is always seen there, wearing a scowl upon her broad, rawboned face and a snow-white cap upon her head. As a station keeper she is a howling success, as the waiting room in which she does duty will bear eloquent testimony. The floor, the seats and the windows are always clean and the room comfortable. To occupy a seat or standing room in that station you must keep quiet, be decent and act like a gentleman. Liza has the eye of a hawk, the strength of a young lion, the grit of a game chicken and the dogged determination of a bull-terrier. She naturally detests a noisy man, a drunkard or a star-gazer. She demands respect and piety from one and all.

In a fight Liza is a terror. She handles herself like the nimble giantess that she is. In color she is light, with a few freckles on her masculine face. And she is six feet in height and weighs 180 pounds. She wins at once the supreme respect of all men and women who are well behaved generally. Her appearance inspires awe. The person who insolently and maliciously, or innocently and thoughtlessly spits on the floor of Liza's ranch, or takes a dog therein, or stares at a lady will be reproved gently but firmly. She is not offensive. To the woman who is traveling alone Liza is a friend and protector. She is worth half a dozen, depot policemen. She has carried in her strong arms invalids from one train to another and never expected a "tip". She does what she believes to be her simple duty. I doubt if she would accept a "tip" from any one for a favor done. Strange to say this is true. How unlike other negresses! It is said that Liza is one part Indian. She looks it about the eyes and cheek-bones.

Several years ago, when Charles Traylor, who has since been convicted of larceny, was just beginning to sow his wild oats, and who was at that time the bully of the town, went down to the station at Salisbury and loitered into the waiting room. He had not been there long before he spat upon the floor. Liza said not a word but wiped the spittle up with a rag. Traylor repeated the act and again Liza wiped it up without speaking. But when Traylor spat the third time, and willfully and maliciously defied the gentle hint of Liza, she said: "Mr. Traylor, it is against the rules of the railroad for you to spit in here and unless you quit doing it I shall have to order you out."

Traylor flew into a passion and cursed Liza, but offered no further violence at that time. He left the room, secured a garden pail, returned and flamed Liza over the head before she was aware of what was going on. But he waked up the wrong passenger. The stick was to her what the red flag is to the bull, and Traylor's audacity was more than she could stand. From the time the first blow was landed by Traylor the fight was fast and furious. The giantess plunged at the young bully and soon had him at her mercy. She coiled her powerful arms around his body and threw him to the floor. She squeezed him, choked him and beat him. The battle was the most terrific rough and tumble contest ever pulled off in this neck of the woods. It took three policemen to take Liza off of her antagonist. When on her feet again she said: "When I fight, I fight." All present during the encounter thought as Liza expressed it.

Since that fight strangers only give Liza trouble. Those who know her look pious, talk and behave well while in her territory.

Some time last fall a prominent official of the Southern Railway left Washington and came South for a hunt. He brought his bird dogs with him. While waiting at Salisbury for the train on the Western road he, do, and all, marched into Liza's waiting room and took up quarters. Straightway Liza went from her seat in the rear end of the room to the man and said: "Take them dogs and get out of here."

"I guess I know what the rules of the Southern Railway are," said the

Veterable to Women. Especially valuable to women is Brown's Iron Bitters. Backache vanishes, headache disappears, strength takes the place of weakness, and the glow of health readily comes to the pallid cheek when this wonderful remedy is taken. For sickly children or overworked men it has no equal. No home should be without this famous remedy. Brown's Iron Bitters is sold by all dealers.

official, "for I am Mr. So and So, an officer of the road."

"Well," answered Liza, "I don't care who you are, if you were the President, you must take them dogs out of here or I will take 'em out myself." This said she grabbed the chain and started toward the door. To avoid further trouble and annoyance Officer So and So went outside. Indeed Miss Liza is no respecter of persons. All offenders look alike to her. H. E. C. B.

A New Humorist in the Senate.

National Magazine.

A new found of humor has burst forth upon the Senate. That veteran Confederate chieftain and Democratic politician, Senator Pettus, of Alabama, grave, calm and dignified, has scored the humorous honors of the session in that august body, popularly termed the "Millionaires' Club." His speech on the Puerto Rican bill was one of the funniest ever heard in the Senate chamber. By turns his colleagues shook and quaked and gave way again to hilarious laughter. Senator Frye, of Maine, who was presiding, was shaking so with laughter that he made no effort to restrain the tremendous, continuous applause of the galleries; staid Senators were rubbing their sides all aglee, and Senator Chauncey Depew, himself prince of speakers, as adroit an anecdote teller and mirth provoker as ever graced an assemblage, could not keep his seat, but paced back and forth behind the rows of seats to give full vent to his uncontrollable amusement. Senator Pettus began with a careful constitutional argument, but soon branched off into another vein and began poking fun at his colleagues. It was his inimitable manner as much as his words. He referred to Senator Galinger as one who had "informed us that he was not a lawyer, and he proved it to us not only by asserting it, but by his argument." Then he poured forth his cauldron of sarcasm on the brilliant young Hoosier orator, Senator Beveridge, whose prowess in the Senate was so marked. Senator Pettus is the oldest member of the Senate, and was spurred to run for his present seat as Senator Pugh's successor by an unfortunate remark of the latter gentleman, who tried to disuade General Pettus from seeking the bench, on the ground of age.

Government Printing.

Thousands of people go every year to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing in Washington to see Uncle Sam make money. Several young women are assigned by the bureau to act as guides for these visitors, who are taken about in groups of six. They are first shown the silk-threaded paper, as it comes from Dalton, Mass., where it is made expressly for the government and under close supervision. Much of the protection against counterfeiting lies in the paper. It comes in sheets just large enough for four bills.

The back of the note is printed first then the face, while the third time the notes are run through the presses the serial numbers are stamped upon them and the fourth time the government seal. The last process is carried on at the Treasury Department proper, a half-mile away, in order to make a check on the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. Besides paper money, postage-stamps, bonds and various government securities are turned out at the bureau.

Although the employes number nearly two thousand, not one of them is allowed to leave the building at night until every sheet of paper that has been given out is turned in and accounted for. The nominal value of the contents of the huge safe in which the work is stored overnight is often four million dollars, although little of it has received the last impress, or seal, which gives it actual worth.

Besides this bureau, the government maintains a printing office, said to be the largest in the world, at which the ordinary government publications are turned out. The proportions of its work are seldom realized. The Agricultural Department alone printed last year nearly two and a half million Farmers' Bulletins. Of one book which was brought out in 1892, treating of the diseases of the horse, three hundred and seventy-five thousand copies have been distributed.

Dear Sirs:--For ten years I was a sufferer from general debility and chronic catarrh. My face was pale as death. I was weak and short of breath. I could hardly walk, I was so dizzy and had a ringing in my head all the time. My hands and feet were always cold. My appetite was very poor. On getting up in the morning, my head swam so I was often obliged to lie down again. I had awful pains in the small of my back. I had a continual feeling of tiredness, and muscular power was almost entirely gone, and I could not go half a dozen steps without stopping to rest, and often that much exercise caused me to have a pain in my side. It seemed as though the blood had left my veins. The doctors said my blood had all turned to water. I had given up all hope of ever getting well. I tried the best physicians in the state, but failed to get any relief. I continued to use, and felt I was growing stronger; my sleep was refreshing, and it seemed as if I could feel new blood moving through my veins. I kept on taking it, and now consider myself a well and rugged woman. I work all the time, and am happy. I am positive that the Sarsaparilla saved my life. The sick headaches I have had since childhood, have disappeared, and my catarrh has almost entirely left me. I cannot be too thankful for what Johnston's Sarsaparilla has done for me. I recommend all women who have sick headaches to use your Sarsaparilla.

DO AWAY WITH YOUR PAINS WITH Pain-Killer. A Medicine Chest in Itself. SIMPLE, SAFE AND QUICK CURE FOR Cramps, Diarrhoea, Colds, Coughs, Neuralgia, Rheumatism. 25 and 50 cent Bottles. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. BUY ONLY THE GENUINE. PERRY DAVIS'

LEGISLATIVE GUERRILLAS

How Holman was Floored.

ZIOUS-POWERS THE GUERRILLA.

A. J. Cummins in Virginian-Pilot.

To look at the placid face of Judge H. H. Powers, of Vermont, no one would class him with legislative guerrillas. When Watchdog Holman was serving his last term in the House, Judge Powers turned guerrilla and unexpectedly swooped down upon the unwary Indian. The watchdog was barking at the proposition to pay members of the House mileage for the extra session. As usual, he was very pug-nacious, and the whole pack of economists turned in behind him. He was making quite an impression, when Judge Powers, attired in full guerrilla costume, swept down upon him.

"Do I understand," said he, "that the gentleman from Indiana is opposed to granting mileage for the three sessions of this Congress?" Holman twirled his eyeglasses with increased velocity before replying. The attack came from such an unexpected quarter that for a time he was non-plused.

"I favor standing by the law," he finally replied; "it provides for mileage at the rate of 20 cents per mile each way for each regular session of Congress."

"I suppose my friend did not hesitate to take three mileages himself in the Fifty-third Congress?" queried Judge Powers.

The question plainly nettled the watchdog. "Is that a matter that concerns you, my friend?" he asked.

"Certainly," imperturbably answered the Vermont judge.

The watchdog took a fresh chew of tobacco and again began to twirl his glasses.

"Oh," said he with nervous sarcasm, "you may go and inquire of my family in reference to my domestic affairs."

The house twittered, but there was no smile on the face of Judge Powers. His muscles retained their rigidity. In cold, calculating words, he replied: "The trouble is, your family is not here, and you are."

Holman shifted his glasses to his left hand. "Oh, my friend," he replied, "you are too solicitous--entirely too solicitous--yes, too solicitous."

"I only wanted to know if the gentleman had accepted the three mileages," Powers persisted, with protuberant gratuity.

"Well," snapped the watchdog, "you have announced your purpose to take the money, if it is appropriate, and that is sufficient."

"And I think you are going to take it, too," said Powers.

"And I suppose the gentleman would take even more than the three mileages, perhaps, if Congress forced them upon him," Holman retorted.

By this time half the members of the House were grouped around the guerrilla and his victim. All were amused and awaited further developments with intense interest. Henry U. Johnson remained in his seat, eagerly listening. "What does the gentle-

man from Indiana say?" he repeatedly shouted over the heads of his Republican colleagues.

"The gentleman from Indiana makes no answer to impertinent questions," Holman replied, as his time expired.

The House was in ecstasies. The Vermont guerrilla had not only destroyed the effect of Holman's speech, but had driven him back to cover.

What Women's Colleges Lack.

"There is no doubt that the average girls' college would be more useful to girls themselves and American domestic life in general, if the practical components of a woman's life entered a little more into its curriculum," writes Edward Bok in the May Ladies' Home Journal. "Girls are turned out by our colleges with diplomas telling us how efficient they were in the physiological class, and yet they have absolutely no practical knowledge of their own healthful dressing or hygienic eating. I must confess that in my editorial experience I have come across more artless chirography in letters from college girls than I would have believed possible. Some day our girls' colleges will wake up to the fact that for a girl to be able to write an intelligent letter, properly punctuated, and in a handwriting which does not drive a man clear to profanity, is likely to be of more value than the gift to glibly define a Latin verb. It is a better mixture of the practical with the less useful that is needed in the management of girls' colleges. As it is now, the college gives a girl only mental resources. It should go further, and give her also a fund of practical knowledge from which to draw when she becomes a wife, a mother and a housekeeper. That is the field for the woman's colleges--not by any means, becoming mere practical outfitters, but adding the practical to the mental."

It isn't always the fly young man who gets up in the world.

The ancients believed that rheumatism was the work of a demon within a man. Any one who has had an attack of sciatic or inflammatory rheumatism will agree that the infliction is demonic enough to warrant the belief. It has never been claimed that Chamberlain's Pain Balm would cast out demons, but it will cure rheumatism, and hundreds bear testimony to the truth of this statement. One application relieves the pain, and this quick relief which it affords is alone worth many times its cost. For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co. druggist.

A message over a phone is not always euphonic.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS Mrs. Winstow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winstow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind. 4-27-y

Some people sharpen their wits in the nick of time.

The One Day Cold Cure. For cold in the head and sore throat, cures Kernott's Chocolate Laxative, the "One Day Cold Cure."

CATARRH CAN BE CURED BY Johnston's Sarsaparilla QUART BOTTLES.

"DANGER IN THE EARTH AND AIR; DANGER EVERYWHERE."

A Wise and Venerable Doctor Talks about Advanced Science. In a leading hotel, in a great city, a famous and aged physician was conversing. Listening to his wise and sententious discourse, were a group of well-dressed men, evidently lawyers, business men and commercial travelers.

My first belief is that the most serious disease is certain yet to show that all diseases without exception are caused by invisible germs which are living organisms. Here is the germ of that terrible disease diphtheria. Here is the bacillus of typhoid fever; and here is the still more dreadful bacillus of tubercle which causes that most destructive of all diseases, consumption. This of that very common and supposed incurable disease, catarrh."

"I wish, Doctor," said the traveling man, "that you would tell us about catarrh. I have had it for years, and I am thoroughly discouraged."

The Doctor answered: "Catarrh, like diphtheria, consumption, typhoid fever, and a host of other diseases, is the result of a microbe invading the blood stream, and attacking specially the mucous membrane. This foul and most disgusting disease is especially prevalent in the United States and it is rare to meet one who is not, or has not been troubled more or less with it. How often is he or she obliged to remain at home from pleasant entertainments, deprive themselves of many intellectual treats, from fear of the disagreeable odor arising from catarrhal affections. In its worst phase, the patient becomes loathsome both to himself and his friends."

"I believe," continued this great physician, "that the true way to heal catarrh is to medicate the blood. This can be done only by powerful alternatives which act as blood purifiers."

Betsy A. Marcet, of Manistee, Manistee Co., Mich., writes: Dear Sirs:--For ten years I was a sufferer from general debility and chronic catarrh. My face was pale as death. I was weak and short of breath. I could hardly walk, I was so dizzy and had a ringing in my head all the time. My hands and feet were always cold. My appetite was very poor. On getting up in the morning, my head swam so I was often obliged to lie down again. I had awful pains in the small of my back. I had a continual feeling of tiredness, and muscular power was almost entirely gone, and I could not go half a dozen steps without stopping to rest, and often that much exercise caused me to have a pain in my side. It seemed as though the blood had left my veins. The doctors said my blood had all turned to water. I had given up all hope of ever getting well. I tried the best physicians in the state, but failed to get any relief. I continued to use, and felt I was growing stronger; my sleep was refreshing, and it seemed as if I could feel new blood moving through my veins. I kept on taking it, and now consider myself a well and rugged woman. I work all the time, and am happy. I am positive that the Sarsaparilla saved my life. The sick headaches I have had since childhood, have disappeared, and my catarrh has almost entirely left me. I cannot be too thankful for what Johnston's Sarsaparilla has done for me. I recommend all women who have sick headaches to use your Sarsaparilla.

ET. WHITEHEAD & CO., Scotland Neck, N. C.

HEADACHE

Pain back of your eyes? Heavy pressure in your head? And are you sometimes faint and dizzy? Is your tongue coated? Bad taste in your mouth? And does your food distress you? Are you nervous and irritable? Do you often have the blues? And are you troubled about sleeping?

Then your liver is all wrong. But there is a cure. 'Tis the old reliable



They act directly on the liver. They cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache, nausea, and dyspepsia. Take a laxative dose each night. For 60 years they have been the Standard Family Pills.

Price 25 cents. All Druggists. "I have taken Ayer's Pills regularly for six months. They have cured me of a severe headache, and I can now walk from two to four miles without getting tired or out of breath. Something I have not been able to do for many years." July 19, 1899. S. W. WALKER, Salem, Mass.

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Business Phones, \$2.00 per month. Residence Phones, 1.50 " " Two of either for 3.00 " "

It is our purpose to give good service, and to this end we ask all subscribers to report promptly any irregularities in the service.

Our signed contracts prohibit the use of phones except by subscribers, and we request that this rule be rigidly enforced.

Cypress Shingles. I shall keep a nice lot of Cypress Shingles. Prices to suit purchaser. W. H. WHITE, Scotland Neck, N. C.